

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1805.

No. 5.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia
terrent. VIRG. ÆN.

The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers
hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling
ghost. THOMPSON.

SOME time ago I was travelling into the country, and being overtaken by approaching night, and fatigued by the severity of the weather, I stopped at an inn, where, after I had refreshed myself, I sat near a cheerful fire and lit my segar. The antique house in which I sojourned, had nearly fallen into ruins, and from its retired situation appeared to be almost abandoned. Had it not been for the sign post which caught my eye as I passed, I should perhaps not have known that there was a building near; for the house was considerably distant from the road. I had not sitten long at the fire side when the host made his appearance: a venerable man, whose frame appeared to be hastening rapidly to the fate of his cottage. "Is there not" said he "a striking similarity between me and my house? Age has given me grey hairs, and nearly shattered my constitution. Fifty years of my life have been spent here with considerable happiness; and had it not been that my domestic contentment was lately invaded by the death of my companion through life, I would not have envied the most affluent of the world. As it is, however, I must, and do cheerfully resign myself to the dispensations of a superintending providence, knowing that my days will be but few, and that I shall again join those from whom I have been long separated." I began to be pleased with my situation although not the most comfortable; for there was something so interesting in the appearance and conversation of the old gentleman that won my entire attention, and excited my esteem. I very soon found that his house was not the resort of indifferent characters, which is too often the case with the generality of country inns. The old gentleman did not altogether place his dependence upon his custom, but lived economically from a small property which resulted from the industry and activity of his younger years. He was far from thinking that a superabundance of wealth conferred happiness: and he verified the remark, that if mankind generally were contented

with little, they would find the idea of felicity commonly attached to great possessions to be visionary and futile. Care and anxiety more frequently result from great wealth than from the want of it.

While we were thus exchanging a few observations, there came in a neighbour of his whom he called Agrestes. He began to relate what he had just seen in passing an old church yard, and presumed that no feelings could be more unpleasant and terrible than those which are excited by any supernatural appearances. The weak old man, whose credulity of mind threw him into a violent agitation, said, that he saw near the old church, in the yard, something white in human form, and concluded it immediately to be a restless spirit which wished a communication with the living, to restore it to quiet. He wished to have satisfied himself, but his reason was so completely subdued by fear and awe, that he was scarcely able to fault from the scene." The old host could hardly refrain from laughing in his face during his tale, which being finished, he told him, he was the last man of whose credulity he could have entertained a thought. "I remember" said he, "to have frequently heard you ridicule the weakness of mankind in this respect, and say that if you should ever see any appearance which you had reason to suppose at the moment to be supernatural, you would not suspend your enquiry until you had satisfied yourself. Now if you had summoned up your boasted resolution, you would have found what weakness you discovered on the present occasion. "I had" continued he "occasion to go out this afternoon, and was detained by business until a late hour, and wishing to reach home as soon as possible, took the nearest road which leads immediately aside of the church where you appear to have been so much alarmed. It was there I saw the same terrible spectre, which was nothing more nor less than a shirt, which for some particular reason, I suppose, was hung stretched out the in yard, and became frozen. You must certainly know the house which borders on the church-yard, the property of whose inhabitant it appeared to be." Here he stopped, and the affrighted visitor, was perfectly ashamed of his weakness. I reflected that there must have been a defect in his education, and that in his earlier days, he was accustomed to hear of those appearances before he was able to exert his reason in opposition to them. I have often remarked that parents

are too apt to dwell upon these matters in the presence of their children, without representing them as as they certainly should, as trifling and ridiculous. Impressions are easily made upon their tender minds, and remain fixed for a considerable time. They are inspired with timidity; and a mouse crossing the floor of their chamber at night, gives rise immediately to the idea of a ghost. I remember hearing of an old woman who was carefully avoided by children as a witch, merely because they had often heard their parents, and servants in houses murdering their time in talking before them on those subjects. How much more laudable to instil into their minds, lessons of religion and morality, or give them some information of the history of their country.

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MOONLIGHT—A SKETCH.

THERE are few subjects which nature presents to the view of man, that more powerfully excite interesting sensations in his breast, than a view of the heavens on a clear summer's night, enlightened by the moon. There is something so magnificent, so beautifully sublime, in beholding this celestial object rising to cheer with her mild glories the dark and dreary hours of night, and traversing with inexpressible majesty the immense regions of space, that I think there is no person who can view it without feeling the most pleasing sensations; without feeling his bosom swell with rapture, and his mind lifted far above its ordinary elevation—from the earth it animates and inhabits.

The solemn stillness of night—the silver radiance which she sheds around—the mellow, the ineffable softness of the glories with which she invests all things, and is herself invested; the shining azure of the skies—the golden lamps which burn around her spotless throne, whose lustre appears dimmed by her superior brightness, while their united blaze is reflected in a flood of softened light from the surface of the tranquil deep, and glitters in its curling waves; the fragrance of the air, all conspire to raise in the bosoms of men, transports too awful, too sublime and too delightful for language to describe, or the ablest pencil to delineate.

"The conscious swains exulting at the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light."

POPE.

But still more interesting does it appear when, after the awful thunder storm has closed the day, and astonished the world with its tremendous grandeur, the breaking through the still and skipping clouds, shows her smiling face in the east as though she triumphed in her splendour, and scorned the terrors of the tempest; then, the sudden transition from a state of awful apprehension, to that of unutterable satisfaction, creates in the mind a rapture which may be imagined, but can never be expressed.

Something like this, was a scene I once beheld, while walking with my friend Alcanor, enjoying the delightful coolness of a fine summer's evening. The sky, to the westward, was perfectly clear, and studded with innumerable stars, whilst o'er the east a dark and heavy mass of clouds extended themselves in a direct line from north to south; suddenly a flood of light illumined the dark expanse; we cast our eyes in astonishment towards heaven: the dark edges of the clouds were enlightened by the rays of the moon, and her silver orb burst suddenly on our view, clothed in astonishing splendour, and the glowing azure of the skies, was finely contrasted with the darkness of the clouds. An exclamation of delight burst from every beholder, and our breasts felt a sensation, which my pen in vain attempts to describe, it was a sensation of awe and pleasure, of sublimity, that swelled into raptures and wonder, too vast, too immense for utterance.

ALFRED.

HISTORICAL.

(Concluded from our last.)

"In the mean time the vulgar were cajoled by a thousand conjuring tricks, which passed for the agency of the devils. Father Lactance promised them that the demon should take the commissary's cap from his head during the service, and suspend it while they chaunted a *miserere*. This was done by an easy contrivance, when the glare of the chandelier favoured the deception. An order was now published, declaring the possession by devils of the nuns of Loudun to be a true representation, and enjoining a general belief, because the king, the cardinal, and the bishop believed it. Such as refused assent were declared to be infidels and heretics.

Grandier was now brought for the first time into the presence of the nuns who had acted the parts of the possessed; immediately strange transports and convulsions ensued, succeeded by horrible outcries and yellings, and all pretended to put him in mind of the times and places in which he had communicated with them. Grandier was no way dismayed by this sudden attack, but answered with a smile of indignation, 'that he renounced Satan and all his devils, that he gloried in the name of Jesus Christ, and that he disclaimed all knowledge of, and intercourse with such miserable impostors.'

"This execrable scene, however produced considerable effect upon the people, who could not believe it possible for women that had devoted themselves to their God, to be capable of such monstrous iniquity. The nuns would now have torn him to pieces, if they had not been withheld; they threw, however, their slippers at his head, distorting at the same time their countenances into the most terrible grimaces. About two months before the condemnation of Grandier, a sudden remorse seized upon the sister Clara, and the sister Agnes: they publicly confessed the part they had taken in this infamous plot. One of the seculars, la Nogeret, made the same avowal; but the principals of the conspiracy laughed at their declarations, which they insisted were only the artifices of the devils to foster incredulity.

"The judges were now appointed for the trial of Grandier, the issue of which was easily foreseen, when it was observed that the choice fell entirely upon his avowed and inveterate enemies. Such an outrage against all the principles of justice drew together the sound part of the inhabitants of the town: at the ringing of the bell, they assembled in the town-house, and there composed a letter to the king, in which the proceedings of the cabal were spiritedly and justly exposed. This measure, however, proved ineffectual, and contributed only to exasperate the commissary, who, with the other commissioned judges, annulled the act of the assembly, and forbade any persons in future to deliberate on matters which came within the power of the commission.

"Grandier now began to consider his condemnation as the certain consequence of these outrageous proceedings; he neglected, however, no arguments which might tend to open men's eyes to the unexampled perversion of justice and violation of human rights, by which his ruin was to be accomplished. One last solemn appeal he addressed to his judges, full of force and full of dignity, reminding them 'that the Judge of judges would sit in the midst of them, and take account of their motives and decisions on that day in which they would sacrifice an innocent man to the implacable fury of an unrighteous cabal; that, as mortals, but a little time would bring them before that mighty tribunal, where the temporary judgments, which they shall have authorised in this world, will form the grounds on which that last immortal judgment shall be pronounced upon them, which shall extend through endless ages.'

"About this time an occurrence took place which affected all minds with the deepest horror:—as M. de Laubardemont was entering the convent, he was surprised with the figure of a woman in the outer court, with only a linen covering on her body, and her head naked; a torch was in her hand, a cord about her neck, and her eyes were swelled with weeping. On approaching, it was found to be the superior of the convent, the chief actress in these infernal scenes.

"As soon as she perceived the commis-

sary she threw herself on her knees, and declared herself the wickedest of God's creatures for her conduct in this iniquitous affair. Immediately after this confession, she attached the cord to a tree in the garden, and would have strangled herself outright, had it not been for the interference of some nuns who were near her. Not even this spectacle could touch the heart of Laubardemont: these recantations were represented as fresh proofs of the friendship that subsisted between Grandier and the demons, who made use of these expedients to save him. To the prejudiced every thing serves as a proof; it feeds upon that which should naturally destroy it. At length, on the 18th of August, 1634, after a multitude of depositions, the most absurd that ever entered into the human heart to invent, Urbain Grandier was condemned to be tortured and burnt alive, before the porch of his own church of Sainte Croix.

"Grandier heard the sentence of his judges without undergoing the smallest change of countenance, or betraying the slightest symptom of mental trepidation. Erect and dauntless, his eyes cast upwards to heaven, he walked by the side of the executioner, to the prison assigned him. Mammouri, the surgeon, followed him, to execute such indignities upon his body as Laubardemont should direct. Fourneau, another surgeon of the town, was confined to the same prison with Grandier, for manifesting human feelings on an occasion on which he was ordered to exercise some cruelties upon his person. 'Alas,' says the poor ecclesiastic, 'you are the only being under heaven that has pity on the wretched Grandier.'... 'Sir, you know but a small part of the world,' was the reply of Fourneau.

"Fourneau was now ordered to shave him all over, which he was preparing to do, after entreating the pardon of the unhappy sufferer, when one of the judges commanded him also to pluck out his eye-lids and his nails. Grandier desired him to proceed, assuring him that he was prepared, by the gracious support of a good God to suffer all things. But Fourneau peremptorily refused to execute this last order, for any power on earth. As soon as the first part of the operation was performed, Grandier was clothed in the dress of the vilest criminals, and led to the town-hall, where M. de Laubardemont, and a vast concourse of people, were waiting to receive him. The judges, on this occasion, gave up their seats to the ladies, as if gallantry could with decency mix in so woeful a scene. Before he entered the audience chamber, Father Lactance exorcised the air, the earth, and the prisoner himself.

"As soon as he was admitted, he fell upon his knees, and looked around with a serene countenance: whereupon the secretary told him, with a stern voice, 'to turn and adore the crucifix,' which he did with ineffable devotion; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, remained for some time wrapt in silent adoration. As soon as he reco-

vered from his reverie, he turned to the judges, and thus addressed them: "My lords, I am no magician; to which truth I call to witness, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The only magic that I know is that of the gospel, which I have always preached. I have never entertained any other faith than that which our holy mother, the Catholic church, has prescribed to me. I recognize Jesus Christ for my Saviour; and I pray that his blood, which was spilled upon the cross, may blot out my transgressions, which indeed are manifold. My lords," continued he, (here the tears trickled down his face) "I beseech you, moderate the rigour of my punishment, not for my body's sake, but lest my soul be reduced to forget its God in despair."

"He was now put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. His legs were placed between two pieces of wood, round which several strong cords were tied together with the extremest force: between the legs and the boards, wedges were beat in with a mallet, four for the question ordinary, and eight for the extraordinary. During this process, the priests exorcised the boards, the wedges, and the mallet. Many of them, indeed, assisted at the torture, and took the mallet out of the executioner's hand. Grandier uttered neither groans nor complaints, but regarded this horrible testimony of their hate with supernatural serenity, while the marrow of his bones was seen to drop on the pavement. In this extremity, he pronounced distinctly a strain of fervent adoration, which was copied from his mouth by one of the attending magistrates, but which he was not permitted to preserve. After this terrible scene, he was stretched before the fire, and recovered from frequent faintings by some strong liquor, which was poured into his mouth. Here he named two confessors, to whom he wished to consecrate his last moments, but they were both refused. This instance of unrelenting malice forced some tears down his cheek; and when other confessors were offered him, he desired that no one might interpose between God and himself.

"In his way to the place of execution, he cast a look of pity and complacency on those that accompanied him; and often kissed a lighted torch which he held in his hand. Father Grillau, whom he had demanded for his confessor, approached him with these consoling words: 'Remember that your Saviour, Christ, ascended to heaven by the way of sufferings. Your poor mother blesses you. I implore for you divine mercy; and I believe firmly that God will receive you in heaven.' At these words, a placid joy overspread the countenance of Grandier, which never forsook him from that moment, till the flames devoured him. The executioner would fain have strangled him before he had set fire to the pile; but the exorcists had done all in their power to prevent this miserable charity, by filling the cord so full of knots that it could not be effected. At this moment, Father Lactance seized a torch, and

thrusting it into Grandier's face, 'Wretch,' cried he, 'renounce the devil; you have but a moment longer....confess!' Without waiting for the order, this implacable friar applied his torch to the pile, and publicly performed the office of executioner. 'Ah! where is thy charity, Lactance?' cried the poor ecclesiastic. 'There is a God who will judge both you and me. I cite you to appear before him within the month.'

"There was a vast concourse of people in the square, among whom this devilish conduct of a minister of God excited a murmur of abhorrence. They cried out with one voice to the executioner, 'Strangle him! strangle him!' but the flames had already seized his body, and prevented this last sad act of dreadful compassion. Thus miserably perished the body of Urbain Grandier, sacrificed to the most diabolical hate that ever possessed human bosoms, and condemned by the most iniquitous tribunal that ever mocked with a shew of justice."

[Our readers will be highly gratified with the following publication from the works of the Rev. Wm. Roberts, on whose authority, we are justified in believing the narrative to have resulted from facts.]

EUGENIO.

POOR Eugenio! I little thought when I beheld thee in these arms in thy last struggles for breath, and received this little deposit of thy letters, that I should have lived to moisten it with my tears at this distance of time. The great ones are hourly passing before me; events of magnitude are happening daily about me; sorrows and catastrophes surround me; but still the traces of thy virtues are freshest in my thoughts; and hardly do I live to present times, when I think on those quiet hours we passed together, and those evening walks, and those various conversations on men and things, ever ending in the subject of thy heart, thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind.... a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling that melancholy, which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt in it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but shewed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination

to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short career of sorrow in this world; and that that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy; and where, what was the source of disappointment, is become the fountain of delight.

Eugenio was in his four-and-twentieth year when I first became acquainted with him. It was not long after this that an increase of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow those amusements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform disappointment, he retired to his father's house in Shropshire, which their circumstances now enabled them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in disposing in such a manner as was calculated to favour the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he spent in a truly elegant and philosophic retirement, not savagely shutting himself up from the world, but asserting that title to the use of his time which he deemed necessary to the cultivation of his soul, and the great ends of his creation.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myself, being overtaken by a shower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the western road to warm ourselves by the fire. There sat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean travelling dress, but of an elegant form and dignified aspect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, and had very much the air of fatigue in his looks, though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the necessary repose. I observed as we stood by the fire, that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himself never once regarded us, or paid us the least attention from our first entrance into the room.

As my friend's house where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name) during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me: "My good sir, I must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour yesterday evening; but the truth is the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last night has so touched me, that I have been able to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he "will never be at ease till I have some conversation with him: what think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast?" I approved of his intention; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. Thus how-

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"He was now put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. His legs were placed between two pieces of wood, round which several strong cords were tied together with the extremest force: between the legs and the boards, wedges were beat in with a mallet, four for the question ordinary, and eight for the extraordinary. During this process, the priests exorcised the boards, the wedges, and the mallet. Many of them, indeed, assisted at the torture, and took the mallet out of the executioner's hand. Grandier uttered neither groans nor complaints, but regarded this horrible testimony of their hate with supernatural serenity, while the marrow of his bones was seen to drop on the pavement. In this extremity, he pronounced distinctly a strain of fervent adoration, which was copied from his mouth by one of the attending magistrates, but which, he was not permitted to preserve. After this terrible scene, he was stretched before the fire, and recovered from frequent faintings by some strong liquor, which was poured into his mouth. Here he named two confessors, to whom he wished to consecrate his last moments, but they were both refused. This instance of unrelenting malice forced some tears down his cheek; and when other confessors were offered him, he desired that no one might interpose between God and himself.

"In his way to the place of execution, he cast a look of pity and complacency on those that accompanied him; and often kissed a lighted torch which he held in his hand. Father Grillau, whom he had demanded for his confessor, approached him with these consoling words: 'Remember that your Saviour, Christ, ascended to heaven by the way of sufferings. Your poor mother blesses you. I implore for you divine mercy; and I believe firmly that God will receive you in heaven.' At these words, a placid joy overspread the countenance of Grandier, which never forsook him from that moment, till the flames devoured him. The executioner would fain have strangled him before he had set fire to the pile; but the exorcists had done all in their power to prevent this miserable charity, by filling the cord so full of knots that it could not be effected. At this moment, Father Lactance seized a torch, and

thrusting it into Grandier's face, 'Wretch,' cried he, 'renounce the devil; you have but a moment longer....confess!' Without waiting for the order, this implacable friar applied his torch to the pile, and publicly performed the office of executioner. 'Ah! where is thy charity, Lactance?' cried the poor ecclesiastic. 'There is a God who will judge both you and me. I cite you to appear before him within the month.'

"There was a vast concourse of people in the square, among whom this devilish conduct of a minister of God excited a murmur of abhorrence. They cried out with one voice to the executioner, 'Strangle him! strangle him!' but the flames had already seized his body, and prevented this last sad act of dreadful compassion. Thus miserably perished the body of Urbain Grandier, sacrificed to the most diabolical hate that ever possessed human bosoms, and condemned by the most iniquitous tribunal that ever mocked with a shew of justice."

[Our readers will be highly gratified with the following publication from the works of the Rev. Wm. Roberts, on whose authority, we are justified in believing the narrative to have resulted from facts.]

EUGENIO.

POOR Eugenio! I little thought when I beheld thee in these arms in thy last struggles for breath, and received this little deposit of thy letters, that I should have lived to moisten it with my tears at this distance of time. The great ones are hourly passing before me; events of magnitude are happening daily about me; sorrows and catastrophes surround me; but still the traces of thy virtues are freshest in my thoughts; and hardly do I live to present times, when I think on those quiet hours we passed together, and those evening walks, and those various conversations on men and things, ever ending in the subject of thy heart, thy dear Amelia.

Methinks I have him now before me, with his tall and graceful figure, his oval face, his dimpled mouth and large benevolent eyes: I seem again to see his features gathering fresh and fresh animation as involuntarily he winds the conversation into that channel in which his bosom so loved to discharge itself: and now his countenance assumes a softened expression of melancholy, as the subject gradually takes the colours of his mind.... a mind, almost from the cradle, of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, and destined to a course of continual disappointment. But nothing had the effect of souring the temper of Eugenio; and I know not if I am right in calling that melancholy, which produced neither complaint nor despondency, and which felt in it no indulgence to criminate the motives and actions of mankind, but shewed itself alone in a certain bias towards topics of sorrow, and an inclination

to visit the house of mourning rather than the house of joy. It comforts me to think that the soul of this excellent youth has been long at rest, after a short career of sorrow in this world; and that that bosom which found so little congeniality here, is probably in those abodes where its sorrow is turned into joy; and where, what was the source of disappointment, is become the fountain of delight.

Eugenio was in his four-and-twentieth year when I first became acquainted with him. It was not long after this that an increase of fortune enabled him to live up to his own feelings of duty, and to follow those amusements which his heart pronounced innocent. After a youth of much variety and uniform disappointment, he retired to his father's house in Shropshire, which their circumstances now enabled them to render more comfortable, and the grounds about which Eugenio took great delight in disposing in such a manner as was calculated to favour the contemplative turn of his mind. Five years he spent in a truly elegant and philosophic retirement, not savagely shutting himself up from the world, but asserting that title to the use of his time which he deemed necessary to the cultivation of his soul, and the great ends of his creation.

It was on a cold night in December, that the father of Amelia and myself, being overtaken by a shower of rain, entered the kitchen of an inn on the western road to warm ourselves by the fire. There sat in one corner of the room a tall thin young man, in a mean travelling dress, but of an elegant form and dignified aspect. He leaned upon the table with his elbow, and had very much the air of fatigue in his looks, though there was evidently too much agitation within him to admit of the necessary repose. I observed as we stood by the fire, that the eyes of my friend were fixed upon the youth, who himself never once regarded us, or paid us the least attention from our first entrance into the room.

As my friend's house where I then was upon a visit, was only a mile distant, and as it now held up, we took leave of the company, all of whom rose except the traveller, who took no more notice of our departure than he had done of our entrance. My friend (whom in future I shall call Barville, having some reasons for concealing his true name) during our walk home, was silent and thoughtful, and would enter into no conversation the whole evening. The next morning we met early in the garden, where he thus addressed me: "My good sir, I must beg your forgiveness for my behaviour yesterday evening; but the truth is the physiognomy of the young stranger we saw last night has so touched me, that I have been able to think of nothing else ever since. My mind," continued he "will never be at ease till I have some conversation with him: what think you of sending to desire his company to breakfast?" I approved of his intention; the message was sent, and a very polite refusal was returned. Thus how-

ever, only the more inflamed the curiosity of Mr. Barville. He set off himself to the inn, and returned in half an hour, together with the stranger. He was a little better dressed than on the preceding day, and bore every characteristic of the gentleman about him. His deportment was the most manly I ever beheld; and a slight suffusion which tinged his cheeks upon entering the room, being unacquainted with any embarrassment prognosticated that amiable union of qualities which adorn a mind at once modest and assured.

He expressed the sense of the honour done him in a very warm manner: Mr. Barville, whose knowledge was very considerable, started various subjects of conversation, and seemed very desirous of engaging the stranger's confidence, and of bringing their acquaintance to that state of maturity which would admit of some interesting conversations, in which he longed to give a loose to his curiosity.

As Mr. Barville was a character a little out of the common road, it would be worth while to digress a moment for the sake of describing him. This gentleman was the eldest of several children. His father was a merchant of some eminence, and a man of very solid parts, and great worldly knowledge. He used to say, that he looked on his seven children with the sentiments of a Spartan; that he considered them as a stock, in which the public and himself had equal shares. To the commonwealth he resigned the qualities of their heads; and reserved to himself the paramount property in the province of the heart.

His children were all permitted to choose their professions; for he deemed it a monstrous attack upon reason and common sense, to settle the destination of a child without waiting for his capacities to develop themselves. Unhappily the old man's precautions were vain: he died in circumstances by no means affluent; and Mr. Barville, the eldest son, who had already entered on the study of the civil law, was obliged to relinquish the profession of his choice, to support his brothers and sisters, who were yet children, with the profits of his father's business. Many years however after this event, when he had attained the age of thirty, he came to the unexpected possession of a very ample fortune by the will of a distant relation.

As this change in circumstances raised him into more elevated company, he began to feel his own disparity in the point of education so severely, that he resolved to repair these deficiencies by a few years of assiduous application. He immediately purchased a judicious little collection of books; and being too old and too nice to become a pupil, he sat down with solitary ardour to the elements of mathematics, and the treasures of ancient literature. Aided by a quick comprehension and a sound memory, he made such dispatch, that in the course of three years, his head was furnished with a rich variety of materials for reasoning and contemplation.

The solitude in which he prosecuted these researches, did not fail to give an original turn to his thoughts and arguments, and fastened some singularities and prejudices on his mind, which time and opportunity served only to provoke and confirm. In the scholar's craft, as well as in others, there prevails a common cast of conversation, a sort of complectional tincture, which some would call *cant*, that pervades the whole profession. Mr. Barville's learning was not of this technical sort; his preferences and aversions were the progeny of his own mind, and his taste was unborrowed, as well as the principles on which he supported it.

His phraseology had something in it that was strange at first, but which proved it to be his own, and at once told you that he was no common man: and those who conversed with him were frequently surprised by new combinations of words, and new effects of language. He abounded in principles, in maxims, and in systems, which he cherished the more fondly, as being his undisputed offspring, and could therefore never endure interruption until the whole scheme of his argument was perfectly detailed. He was fond of framing improvements, of which humanity was the object; and the poor and unfortunate were the constant theme of his inventions, and the unceasing objects of his care. On the whole, he was tender on the subject of religion, serious in all questions of morality, and ardent and disinterested in his search after truth; and if the quickness of his apprehension, and the constancy of his tenets, made him sometimes impatient and imperious, it was almost worth while to be exposed a little to this defective part of his character, to witness that benevolent concern and unaffected candour with which he studied to expiate the offence.

Mr. Barville was just proceeding to address some important questions to the stranger, whom I shall in future call Eugenio, when Amelia entered the room. I shall attempt no description of this young lady's person: it will be enough to say, that the most melting sensibility, and the most exalted virtue, heightened and corrected each other's expression, in a complexion and a set of features formed for love and delight. Mr. Barville introduced her to his guest, whose frame underwent a new kind of agitation, and who now felt doubly ashamed of the meanness of his apparel. "Amelia," said the father, "you are to look upon this gentleman as no common acquaintance; certain rules of judging, which have never yet betrayed me, make me very ambitious of his friendship." This speech in spite of herself, strained her looks towards Eugenio, and an involuntary expression of sweet approbation kindled the first spark of that unhappy flame in which they were both destined to be consumed. Mr. Barville stopped a moment for their mutual compliments to be paid; but nature had fixed on their mouths a seal of silence, on which each other's image was engraved, and

which a little time sufficed to carry to the heart, there to abide for ever.

The vivacity of Mr. Barville's disposition, and the fermentation of his mind, never suffered a pause to last till it was painful; and in any embarrassment of that kind, it was usual for the company to turn towards him for relief. Some agreeable comment, or some useful inference, was always revolving in his mind, and ready for the occasion; and a certain equability and delicacy of thought were more remarkable in his conversation, than the poignancy of satire, or the splendour of wit. He made us all join in requesting Eugenio to spend that and the following day with us; but it was easy to see whose application had the most influence in obtaining his consent. A thousand agreeable topics were started by the hospitable entertainer; and so much pleasantry and good-humour prevailed through the day, that towards the close of it, the stranger had shaken off much of his reserve, and more than once gave way to emotions of gaiety and mirth, which so developed the expression of his countenance, that many new and excellent qualities were read in it by the philosophical Mr. Barville; and the seeds of much future sorrow were sown in another bosom, where, alas! the same philosophy did not, at least at that moment, exist.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the worthy gentleman of the house, turning towards his guest, and putting his two fingers upon his hand as it rested upon his knee (I see them both now before me) "You must be sure, Sir," said he, "I could have had no inducement to seek so earnestly your acquaintance, but what was perfectly disinterested and honourable; I have long cherished the persuasion that there are certain lines in the countenance which never fail to announce a well-constituted mind. There is a kind of running-title in the face, which opens fresh matter to interest us in every page. Not a certain assemblage of features, but the modification of those features under the various influence of successive emotions, is the rule of my judgment in these cases, with a reserve, however, in favour of the testimonies of subsequent experience. Look upon me as one, therefore, whom no accidental circumstances of obligation or connexion have made your friend, but whom the secret ties of nature herself have drawn towards you with force not to be resisted. I frankly offer you my confidence and friendship; make what use you can of me in your own affairs; and if you have any distresses (alas! they are legible in your countenance) which are not too desperate for relief, or too severe to be softened by communication, I earnestly entreat you to make me a sharer in them. I too have had my sorrows: in the most virtuous and affectionate of wives, I have lost the tenderest of friends; and my only son is gone from me, Heaven knows where, with circumstances that render the loss of him ten times more distressful, and which adds weight to a misfortune that one would think almost too heavy for aggravation."

These kind sentiments, uttered with great energy, were too much for Eugenio: he was mute for some moments: in spite of his efforts, a tear stole from him, and a sigh escaped from the depths of his bosom. At length, after some unintelligible effusions, he went on thus: "this generosity, my dear Sir, and this extraordinary goodness are so greatly above what I have been used to experience, that I dare not attempt to make adequate acknowledgements. The best way, doubtless, to manifest my sense of it, would be to yield instantly to your flattering request; but, indeed, Sir, my history contains but little to interest or to amuse you. As for some few distresses I may have suffered, they have not been of that incidental, various, and adventurous kind which affect in the relation, but were, for the most part, spun out of my own feelings, which are such as to raise trifling circumstances into serious misfortunes: while, so is my mind constructed, that I can endure those evils, whose sensible magnitude is infinitely greater, and which most disturb the serenity of others with sufficient calmness and composure. I know, Sir, I am making a confession much to my discredit; but I cannot abuse such a noble good nature, by keeping you ignorant of the unworthiness of its object."

It is easy to imagine that the excuse was not listened to; and Eugenio, after a pause of some moments, was beginning to gratify the curiosity of his new friend, when perceiving Amelia and myself rising from our chairs, as if to leave the room, he entreated us both to remain, and, with a look of some impatience, assured Amelia that there was nothing in the story he was about to relate, which could give any umbrage to her delicacy, or which he could wish to conceal from her knowledge. I think, if subsequent events do not deceive me, a melancholy forecast at that moment drew from me an involuntary sigh, and I felt inwardly troubled as the situation of things brought to my thoughts the effects wrought on the mind of the gentle Desdmona by the pitiable story of the valiant Moor.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 29.)

The first and chief thing, according to him, necessary for attaining a knowledge of the soul's immortality, is to have a very clear and very distinct idea of conception of it, and totally unconnected with, and different from, any of the conceptions which the mind may have of the body. He recommends also to never forget, that whatever is clearly and distinctly conceived, is true in the same manner as we conceive it: the illustrating of this maxim he puts off to his fourth meditation.

We are now to infer from what he has laid down, that the things which we conceive distinctly and clearly to be different

substances, as for example, the soul and the body, are in truth substances really different one from the other; and this is what he concludes in his sixth meditation. But let us now return to follow the order of his meditations, and the matter they contain.

In the third, he amply develops the principal argument he employs to prove the existence of a God; but his not having thought it proper to make use of any comparison taken from corporeal substances, in order to abstract the reader's mind from all agency of, and commerce with, the senses, he unavoidably fell into some obscurities of expression, which are cleared up in his reply to the first objections that had been made against his book, in Flanders, and which were sent by him to father Mersenne, in Paris, to be there printed alone with his work.

In the fourth, he proves that all things which we conceive very clearly, and very distinctly, are true: he therefore explains in what consists the nature of error and falsehood; by which he means not the sin, or error, that is committed in the pursuit of good and evil; but only the error that is made in judging of, and discerning truth from falsehood.

In the fifth, he explains what corporeal nature in general is; and he there produces a new argument for demonstrating the existence of God: he moreover establishes for a truth, that the very certainty of geometrical demonstrations is connected with, and leads to the knowledge of a God.

In the sixth, he distinguishes the active power of the understanding from that of the imagination, and assigns the discriminating marks thereof: he there proves that the soul of man is really distinct from the body: he enumerates the errors that are caused by the senses, and points out the means of shunning them. In fine, he brings together all the reasons assignable for establishing the existence of material substances, not because he judged them necessary for proving that there is a world, that men have bodies, and other articles, of which no rational body ever harboured a doubt; but that, by considering them more minutely, we should be led to a conviction of their not being so cogently evident, as the arguments that conduct us to a knowledge of God, and of our souls existence.

Here ends the abridgment of Des Cartes' Meditations, upon which he always set a higher value than upon any other of his works: sometimes he is said to offer up pious thanks to the Almighty, for having finished that work, containing his discovery of the process by which metaphysical truth can be demonstrated: at other times, he would indulge himself in the pleasure of communicating to his friends the very high opinion which he entertained of that work. "Be assured," writes he to father Mersenne, "that there is nothing in my metaphysical performance, which I do not believe to be very easily made known, and demonstrable to common sense alone, without the necessity of any inspiration from above; nay, sir, I take upon me

to render it intelligible to all persons, that are inclined to, and capable of, meditating, &c."

This work may indeed be allowed to contain the essence of his doctrine, and is perfect model of his method: the eulogiums which he was wont to give it, among his intimates, were pushed sometimes rather too far: such as, for instance, that it contained many important truths, which had not been searched after, or discovered, by any person before him; and being unknown, could not open the way to true philosophy, whose chief aim is to convince us, that there is a difference between the mind and the body; which he asserts to have established in his meditations, by an analysis, that not only teaches us this difference, but shews us also the paths which he pursued in making so great a discovery.

Des Cartes, in his treatise on Light, carries away his readers with him out of this world into imaginary space: and there he supposes, that in order to communicate to philosophic candidates a knowledge of the formation of this universe, Omnipotence indulges their curiosity with the view of a creation; for which purpose he contrives an infinite number of small parcels of matter, of equal hardness, of shape either cubical or triangular, or only irregular and uneven, or, finally, of all sorts of figures, but so closely applied to, and as it were compacted with, one another, as not to allow of the least interstitial void. This supposition being granted, he takes upon him to assert, that the Supreme Being, who has created them in imaginary space, cannot permit the least vacuity to be found among them, and that it would even exceed the Deity's power, because contradictory to it, to effectuate such a void.

The next scene of this creative spectacle, is the Deity's putting all those little parcels of matter in motion, which, for the most part, he makes to turn round their own centre, and causes them moreover to advance in a direct line.

This great artificer commands every parcel to retain the same condition of its figure, size, celerity, or rest, until they shall be necessitated to change it, either by resistance or fracture.

He commands them to share their motion with those parcels which they shall meet, and to receive from the others a share of their motion. Here Des Cartes enters into a detail of the laws of motion, and these communications thereon dependent; all which he unfolds in the best manner he can.

The Deity's last command to them, is to continue the progressive motion that has been communicated to them, in a straight line as long as they can.

These premises now supposed, the Supreme Being, according to Des Cartes, preserves what he has created, but does nothing more. Then this chaos, wonderful effect of divine operation! tends to have all its parts suitably arranged through the compulsive energy of the laws of motion, and to become in consequence a world like ours; a world, in which, although

the Deity has placed neither order nor proportion, are to be seen all those things, the general as well as the particular, that appear in the true world. These are the author's own words, and cannot be too seriously attended to.

From these primordial parcels, unequally moved, the common matter, out of which all things are made, and that are absolutely indifferent about their becoming one thing or another, Des Cartes at first discovers three elements, to arise; and out of these three elements, all the various substances existing in the world, by the progressive effects of the corners, angles, and extremities, of those parcels being unequally broken off through the power of friction. The finest parts become a subtle matter, which he calls *the first element*; the bodies worn as it were, and rounded by the force of friction, are his *second element*, or *the light*; but the more gross, heavy, and larger broken pieces, that have the greater number of angles, are his *third element*, or the *terrestrial and planetary substance*.

All the elements being put in motion, and becoming obstacles to each other, they are under a reciprocal necessity of advancing not in a straight, but in a circular line, and to move vorticularly, or, as the French term it, in *tourbillons*, some round one common centre, some round another: so that, by thus continuing to preserve their tendency to go off in a right line, they make repeated efforts every moment to get to a farther distance from the centre, which Des Cartes compliments with the name of *centrifugal force*.

All the elements endeavouring to be still farther removed from the centre, the most massive amongst them get to the greatest distances: consequently the globulous matter is farther from the centre, than the subtle matter; and inasmuch as there must be a plentitude every where, the subtle matter insinuates itself partly into the interstitial voids, among the globules of light, and partly towards the centre of the tourbillon, or vortex: this part of the subtle matter, that is, of the finest powder, which has placed itself near the centre, is what Des Cartes called a *sun*: there are like quantities of this powder in other tourbillons as in this, and are so many *suns*, which we call stars, and whose lustre is but little in regard to us, on account of the amazing distance where they are situated.

The globulous element being composed of unequal globules, the weightiest move the farthest from the centre, and towards the extremities of each tourbillon; while the weakest, or lightest, remain nearer the sun. The action of the fine powder, or the subtle matter, that gives existence to the sun, communicates its agitation to the neighbouring globules, in which Des Cartes makes light to consist: this agitation, being communicated to the globulous matter, accelerates the motion of the latter: but this acceleration diminishes in proportion to the distance, and is finally spent at a certain degree thereof.

We can, according to our philosopher, divide light into several ranges, to this ultimate degree; and its velocity diminishes at every range; after which the globulous matter, that fills up the remainder of the solar tourbillon, receives no more acceleration from the sun; and as this vast remainder of globulous matter consists of the most forceful and the grossest globulous, the activity therein excited continues to increase from the terminating degree, whereat the acceleration caused by the sun expires, until it meet with the adjoining tourbillons.

If any massive bodies fall into the globulous element, in the space between the sun and the terminating the degree where its action expires, such substances will be moved with a greater degree of velocity while near the sun, and with a less in proportion to the distance at which they remove from it: but if any massive bodies are drawn into the remainder of the globulous matter between that discriminating degree where the solar action ceases, and the point of meeting with the neighbouring tourbillons, they will move with a still growing acceleration, till they are plunged into the neighbouring tourbillons, and other massive bodies, being hurried in a like manner from the neighbouring tourbillons into the globulous element of ours, may therein descend or rise towards the sun, according to the prevalency of the impelling force by which they are actuated.

We are also to learn that there are little tourbillons of matter, that can be moved within the great ones; and that the former may be composed not only of a globulous matter, and a fine powder, that, centrally ranged, from so many little suns; that moreover may be possessed of, or meet with, many parcels of the gross powder, as well as with large shivers of those broken angles which we have, after Des Cartes, called the *third element*. But these little tourbillons never fail to drive towards their borders all such gross powder, or shivers, that are within their sway; which signifies no more, if our readers should like the image better, than that the gross powder and large broken angular fritters, by bundling themselves up together as it were into a coarse aggregated substance, always tend to the borders or extremities of the little tourbillon, by the superiority of their centrifugal force. There Des Cartes makes them stop; which device, indeed, is very commodious for his system; for by not suffering them to run off any farther through means of the centrifugal force, or to be hurried forwards through the impulsive energy of the matter of the grand tourbillon, their combination renders dim and obscure the sun of the little one; nay, they encrust over by degrees the little tourbillon or vortex, and by a repeated accession of thickening crust upon all its exterior surface, an opacous body is formed, to be either a planet, or an habitable earth.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE REPOSITORY. MANUFACTURES.

The desire we feel for the extension of American manufactures, will always impel us to give particular notice of any invention or improvement, calculated to better the state of society. A correspondent in Nashville, Tennessee, informs us, that John M'Bride, formerly of South Carolina, but now of the former place, has invented a machine for the manufacture of cotton. A number of respectable men, inhabitants of Nashville, have affixed their signatures, with an intent to confirm Mr. M'Bride as being the original inventor: yet of this we are not perfectly satisfied. In the Repository of Arts and Sciences, a machine for the purpose above-mentioned is described, though not exactly corresponding with the model of Mr. M'Bride's; but it will be observed, that that gentleman has at least made some considerable improvements. The communication we received on the subject, gives us the following information:

"In this country, lately the haunt of wandering savages and wild beasts, the hand of industry must be constantly exerted to clear the ground of its spontaneous luxuriances, and to cultivate the soil, for the purpose of procuring a subsistence for the numerous and growing families with which it is now settled. Situated at a great distance from the sea-ports of the eastern states and the mouth of the Mississippi, to which the manufactures of Europe are brought, the inhabitants of this and other inland states of the union, are impelled, by necessity, at once to clear the uncultivated forests: to raise the materials for food and clothing, and to prepare them for use. While it requires the unremitting labour of the husbandman to procure for his family the necessaries, and a few of the conveniences of life, it is a labour too great for the most industrious and economical housewife to clothe a numerous family, if both are unaided by the labours of the slave; which their poverty, their humanity, and their conscience will not permit them to use. It may, therefore, be presumed, that it will gratify the lover of oppressed industry, the friend of humanity, and of the poor degraded African, to learn, that John M'Bride, has recently invented a machine for the manufacture of cotton, which, while it is a convincing proof of his ingenuity, will lessen the labour of the housewife, and render the unjustifiable practice of slavery less necessary."

"The ginning and carding part of this machine, was invented some time ago, by Mr. M'Bride, in South Carolina, before he moved to this state, and may be used in private families, with great advantage. He has lately, after many trials and much labour, constructed it to gin, to card, and to spin, at the same time, by the turning of one wheel. It requires only one person to attend it. It is not necessary to stop the machine, except for the purpose of mending a thread when it breaks, or of taking away the full spools and putting

empty ones in their places. The threads break very seldom; and, by paying more attention to the workmanship, the inventor believes, that this inconvenience will be almost wholly removed. It spins yarn of the size of 700, at the rate of 15 dozen in 12 hours, though it be constructed for spinning only 15 threads at a time. It can be easily altered to spin yarn of any size in common use. Machines of this kind can either be made on a small scale, to work by the hand of the attendant, or on a larger one to go by means of horses or water. After the portions of cotton which each of the saws give to their respective brushes, have passed through the cards and the rollers, which prepare and stretch them small enough for threads, without interfering in the smallest degree with each other, they are twisted close to the rollers, and gently taken on by the spools, which are regularly filled by means of another part of the machine, which recedes and returns very slowly for that purpose. Two sets of spools will be sufficient, as the inventor has fixed a reel at one end of his machine, to reel the one sett while the other is filling."

"It is the opinion of competent judges, that the yarn which has been spun upon this new invention, is equal, if not superior to that which is generally spun in families upon common wheels."

LIGHT READING.

May Day.

ON the calends, or the first of May, commonly called May-Day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring woods, accompanied with music; where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with *nosegays*, and crowns of flowers. When this was done, they returned with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and made their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, called a May-Pole, which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, consecrated, as it were, to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered to it, in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the British common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations; particularly of the Italians, where Polydore Virgil tells us, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came home, and so place them on the doors of their houses.

Stow tells us, in his survey of London, "that in the month of May, namely, on May-Day, in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinde."

He quotes from Hall, on account of Henry VIII. riding a maying, from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many Lords and Ladies.

He further tells us, "I find also that, in the month of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightly, in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice dancers, and other devices for pastime, all the day long; and, towards the evening, they had stage plays, and bonfires in the streets."

And again he says, "in the reign of Henry VI. the aldermensheriffs of London, being on May Day, at the bishop of London's wood, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other comers, Lydgate, the monk of Bury, sent them by a pursivant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flowers,
"Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
"Made buds to spring with her sweet show-
"ers,
"By influence of the sun sheene,
"To do pleasure of intent full cleane,
"Unto the states which now sit here
"Hath Ver sent down her own daughter
"dear."

Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, thus describes some of the May revellings.

As I have seene the lady of the May
Set in an arbour ———
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund
swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's
straines;
When envious night commands them to be
gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well-performance soone dis-
poses,
To this, a garland interwove with roses:
To that a carved hooke, or well wrought scrip,
Gracing another with her cherry lip:
To one her garter, to another then
A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again:
And none returneth empty, that hath spent
His pains to fill their rural merriment

Mr. Borlase, in his curious account of the manners of Cornwall, tells us, "An ancient custom still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on the first of May, with green Sycamore and Hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or rather stumps of trees, before their houses: and on May eve, they from towns make excursions into the country, and having cut down a tall elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public places, and, on holidays and festivals, adorn it with flower garlands, or ensigns and streamers." He adds, "This usage is nothing more than a gratulation of the spring season; and every house exhibited a proper signal of its ap-

proach, to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

The author of the pamphlet, entitled, "The Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things," in his specimen of an Etymological Vocabulary, considers the May-pole in a new and curious light: we gather from him, that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May-day; the column of the May (whence our Maypole) was the great standard of justice in the Ey-commons, or fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, their kings. The judge's bough or wand, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling nosegay) and the staff or rod of authority in the civil, and in the military (for it was the mace of civil power, and the truncheon of the field officers) are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this May, in the sense of lawful power. The crown, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the mace and sceptre, was also taken from the May, being representative of the garland or crown; when hung on the top of the mayor-pole, was the great signal for convening the people. The arches of it, which spring from the circlet and meet together at the mound or round ball, being necessarily so formed to suspend it on the top of the pole.

The word May-pole, he observes, is a pleonasm; in French it is called singly the *Mai*.

This is, he further tells us, one of the ancientest customs, which, from the remotest ages, has been, by repetition, from year to year, perpetuated down to our days not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower class of life: It was considered as the boundary day, that divided the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which there was instituted a sportful war between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of the spring. The mock battle was always fought booty, the spring was sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches, with May flowers, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burthens was in these, or equivalent terms:

"We have brought the summer home."

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 2, 1805.

DIED....On the evening of the 19th ult. SILAS ENGLIS, Sen. in the seventy-fourth year of his age, after a lingering illness of six months, which he bore with that patient meekness of which his whole life was characteristic: like an exhausted lamp, he departed without a struggle; and in the hope of salvation through his Redeemer. In his life he had a mildness of temper that was singular—a man of strict integrity—benevolent to all men—a tender husband, an affectionate father, and a faithful friend.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

STANZAS TO HARMONY.

JOYFUL I touch the thrilling lyre,
Join all your powers, my muse, to sing
Of HARMONY, and Oh! inspire
A tone delightful on each string.

Hark! what melodious strains I hear!
Not earth can such soft music claim;—
No! seraphs, sure, in yon bright sphere,
Elate, in songs their love proclaim.

What pleasures flow from virtuous love!
Content and bliss which antedate
Such joys as seraphims above
On harps celestial celebrate.

Cares which corrode the selfish soul
Of him who groups life's road alone,
Oppress not those in love's controul,
Possessing happiness, well known.

To union then, of souls belongs
Each comfort which this world can give;
'Tis HARMONY inspires the songs
Rais'd by the saints in heav'n that live.
KASKADANDA.

SELECTED FOR THE REPOSITORY.

The following very charming Lines are the production of Mr. Thomas Moore, the celebrated translator of Anacreon. The author wrote them just before his departure for Niagara. It will be seen they are the elegant effusions of a warm and tender heart, for those "small sweet courtesies of life," which he experienced from a select circle during his stay in this city.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

O nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly throws;
How faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own.

Nor long did the soul of this stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet.
Ah! scarce did he hope it would bless him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him (with flattery welcome and dear)
That they found in his heart something dearer than fame.

Nor did woman—Oh! woman whose form and whose soul,
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether form'd in the tropic or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had lov'd, was HER eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

O bless be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream,
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam.

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell with a sigh what endearments he met
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

SELECTED FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Every one who has a heart to feel for the sufferings of others, will blush to acknowledge a country, where the most dreadful of all persecution, that of human traffic is tolerated. The pen has repeatedly attempted to pourtray the complicated and unprovoked injuries heap'd upon the distressed Africans, but the wretches who can inflict, or stand unmoved at the sight of cruelty, too shocking for description, is settled against all entreaty or persuasion.)

THE NEGRO,

By MISS HOLCROFT.

(The Lines in Italics excepted.)

TRANSPIERC'D with many a streaming wound,
The Negro lay, invoking death:
His blood o'erflow'd the reeking ground—
He, gasping, drew his languid breath.

His sable cheek was ghastly, cold;
Convulsive groans their prison broke:
His eyes in fearful horror roll'd,
While thus the wretch his anguish spoke:

"Accursed be the Christian race;
Insatiate is their iron soul:
To hunt our sons—their fav'rite chase—
They goad and lash without control.

"Torn from our frantic mother's breast.
We bear our tyrant's galling chains;
Deny'd e'en death, that lulls to rest,
The keenest woe, and fiercest pains.

"From sun to sun the Negro toils;
No smiles approve his trusty care;
And, when th' indignant mind recoils,
His doom is whips, and black despair.

"Yet, Christians teach faith, hope, and love:
Their God of mercy oft implore;
But can barbarians mercy prove,
Or a benignant God adore?

"Here then my groans, oh, Christian God!
Thy curses hurl—but, no! forbear.
Let Christians wield Oppression's rod,
Spread hatred, woe, and wild despair.

"While I a nobler course pursue,
Yes, let me die as I would live!
Yes, let me teach this Christian crew,
The dying Negro can forgive.

"And if, indeed, that power be thine,
O Christian God! in mercy move
Thy people's hearts, by power divine,
To justice gentleness, and love."

The suff'rer ceas'd, death chill'd his veins;
His mangl'd limbs grew stiff and cold;
Yet whips nor racks inflict the pains
Men feel who barter Man for Gold.

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE

OF AN ENGLISH SAILOR.

The metempsychosis, or transmigration of soul, is one of the principal doctrines of the religion of the Bramins: to this opinion an English sailor was indebted for his life, which the Indians on the Malabar coast were about to take from him. Being out shooting one day, and unacquainted with the mythology of the country, he killed a bird which those people rank among their gods of the first class: an Indian saw him, and accused him of deicide. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, immediately assembled, seized the sacrilegious European, and condemned him to death. He had not the least hopes of escaping his sentence, as the enraged Indians seemed fully determined to avenge their gods; when a Jew, who by chance, had heard of the Englishman's misfortune, pressed through the croud, and pretended to prostrate himself on the earth, in order to pray; said to the prisoner, "You have only one way left to escape death, try it and say to these people: My father died some time ago, his body was thrown into the sea, and his soul passed into the body of a fish. As I was walking on the sea shore, the fish, my father, appeared on the surface of the water: at this instant, the bird that I killed darted at him with an intention to devour him before my eyes. Could I suffer this?...I shot him only to prevent his murdering my father." The Englishman repeated the above speech to the Indians. They were satisfied with this justification, and quietly suffered him to go about his business.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry of Alfred came too late for insertion. It is hoped this ingenious writer will continue to publish often.

"The Mouse Trap," lacks bacon.

"Daurat" inadmissible.

Several other communications are received, and shall meet early attention.

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